3: Hiscocks G-4, 5 (1946-1949) 1953 EK1 Austria EK1

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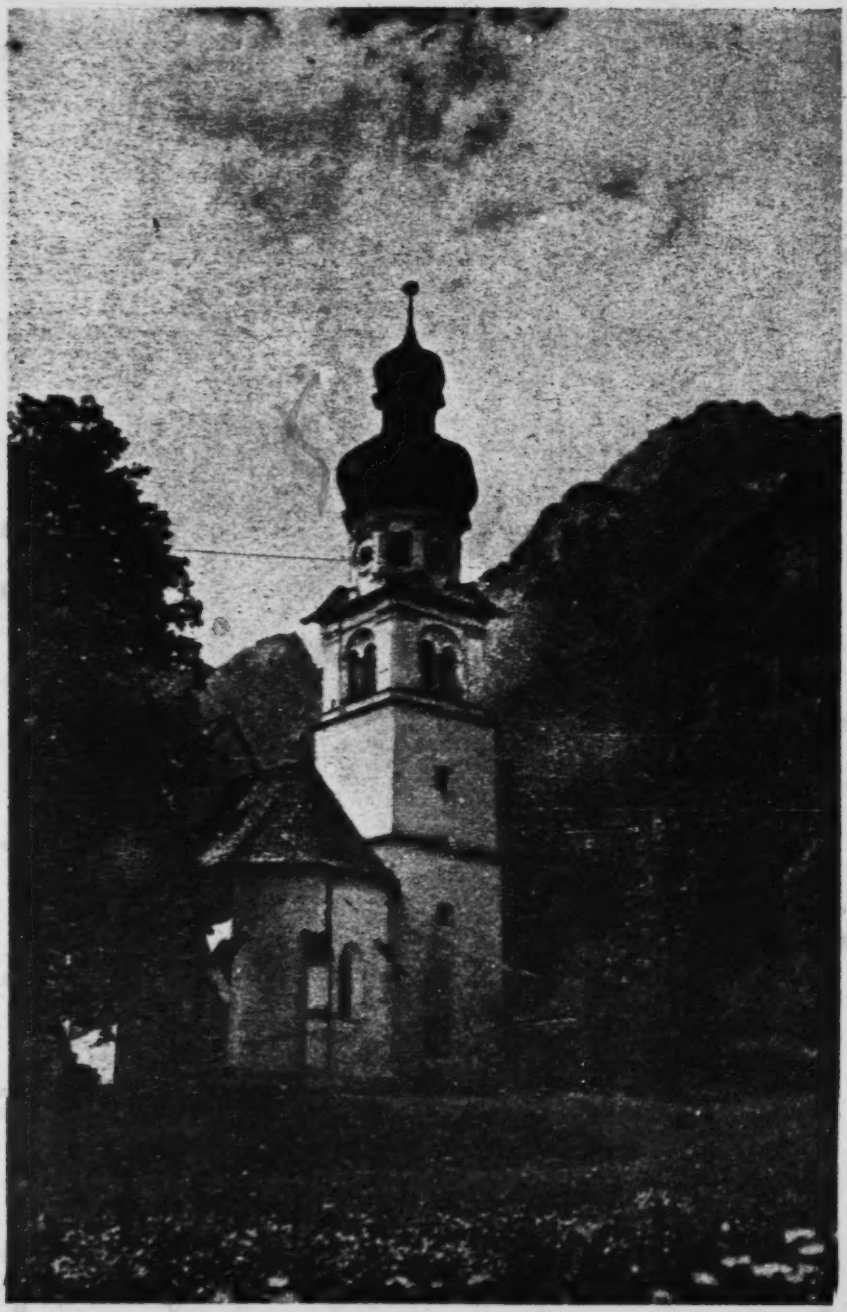

BAROQUE LANDSCAPE

[facing p. 162]

3: Hiscocks G-4, 5 (1946-1949) 1953 EK1 Austria EK1

after certain changes had been made in its composition, to England, the United States, and Canada. This was probably the greatest collection of works of art that has ever been sent on tour. Though no accurate assessment of its value can be made, it was estimated in the United States at $80 million. In European countries the impression it left was complementary to that made by the visits of the State Opera and the Philharmonic Orchestra, and it extended to North America the field of Austria's most effective achievements in cultural diplomacy. It is arguable that no avoidable risks should be taken with the world's greatest works of art and that those who wish to see them must travel, but it was a most generous gesture on the part of the Austrian Government to share with other countries some of their finest art treasures during a period when they could not be adequately exhibited in Austria.

The reconstruction of the actual museum buildings was not the responsibility of the museum authorities, but was carried out as part of the Government's programme for the restoration of public monuments and buildings. Remarkable progress was made with this programme within a comparatively few years. By 1952 the main repairs were either complete or far advanced in the case of Schönbrunn, the Belvedere, the Albertina, the Museum of Art History, and St. Stephen's and Salzburg Cathedrals, the work in some cases being finished a good deal earlier. Considerable progress had also been made in rebuilding the State Opera and the Burgtheater, though the opera was given priority and had the additional advantage of some Russian, as well as substantial ERP support.

It might well be considered that too much effort was put into the restoration of public buildings of a monumental character, in view of the acute housing shortage, and that the resources used should have been devoted to the construction of private dwellings. On the other hand, the labour and materials used for the two purposes were quite different. The vital tourist industry was stimulated by the rebuilding of the great public monuments. And the psychological effect on the

3: Hiscocks G-4, 5 (1946-1949) 1953 EK1 Austria EK1

Austrian people during a most trying period was of considerable value.

In any case, these three considerations seem to have determined the policy of the Government. Even the stately but purely ornamental 'Gloriette' in the grounds of Schönbrunn Palace, which had been badly damaged, was rapidly put in order. In 1947 the main dome of the great monastery of Melk on the Danube in Lower Austria was destroyed by fire. The British Element of the Control Commission was unofficially approached for assistance in obtaining the large amount of copper required for its reconstruction. The reply was that part of the British Government's sterling grant had been used for the purchase of copper, that copper was also urgently needed in the manufacture of electric motors for export, and that the Austrian authorities must decide for themselves as to how their supplies should be used. Within a short time the necessary copper had been found somewhere, and the noble building had been beautifully restored by skilled local labour.

Any foreigners who are inclined to criticize these actions should consider their sentiments towards their own national monuments or towards any expensive features in their own countries' public life. In a materialistic age the jealous maintenance of traditional beauty and dignity cannot lightly be condemned as a fault.

Two of the major undertakings in the rebuilding programme were the restoration of St. Stephen's and Salzburg Cathedrals. Both operations were carried out under the same supervision, but with very different results.

The main dome of Salzburg Cathedral is the central architectural feature of the very beautiful city that lies at the foot of the Hohensalzburg, the imposing rock on which the Prince-Archbishops of Salzburg once lived in their great castle. Owing to a serious error of judgement during its reconstruction, the new dome has lost the symmetry and beauty of its lovely Early Baroque predecessor, and the whole architectural effect is thus marred. In terms of needlessly damaged beauty, there can have been few more costly mistakes in the whole history

[Facing p. 186]

1945

ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRA

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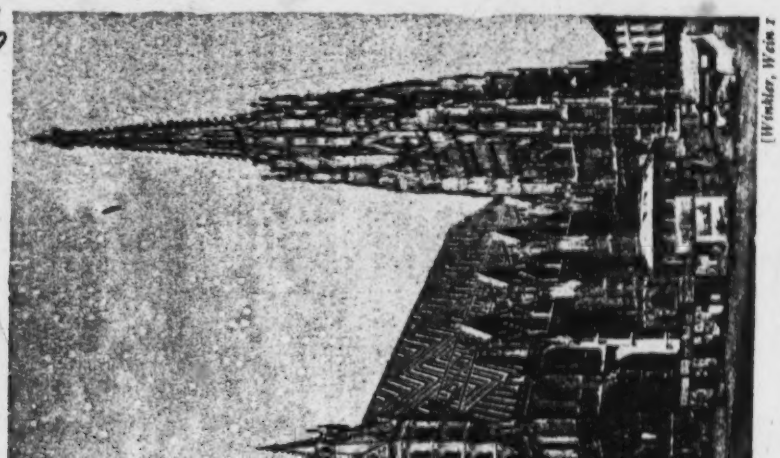

[Winkler, Wien I

1952

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658 346 of European architecture. Salzburg, indeed, is in urgent need of a strong and discriminating voluntary society to protect the wonderful heritage of natural and architectural beauty that belongs to the world and is too little cared for by the local authorities. For the injury to the cathedral is only one of a series of mistakes made since the War that have detracted from the city's pre-War charm. Only with difficulty has a project been quashed for erecting a large hotel in a position so prominent as to rival the magnificent dominance of the Hohensalzburg.

The restoration of St. Stephen's had happier results, although the work involved was on a much greater scale. The total cost amounted to 30 million schillings, and every province in Austria made itself responsible for some part of the reconstruction. Towards the end of 1948 the nave was reopened for public services, and by the spring of 1952 the choir was also ready for use. Though the aim of the restorers was to rebuild the cathedral, as far as possible as it had been before the fire, so far as the interior was concerned, this result could only be achieved within limits. The lovely old choir-stalls could not be replaced, and the atmosphere of the old St. Stephen's has gone for ever. But the new cathedral has a beauty and freshness of its own, and in its decorative details and general effect reveals the skill and devotion of the craftsmen and architects who were responsible for the restoration. Seen from the outside, St. Stephen's, with its fine old spire and high-pitched roof, remains the familiar centre of old Vienna, differing noticeably from the old building only in the vivid colouring of the new glazed roofing tiles.

346 The replacement of St. Stephen's great bell, known as the 'Pummerin', was the gift of the people of Upper Austria. The new bell was cast at St. Florian, and the 26th of April 1952, the day when it was brought to Vienna and the choir was reconsecrated, turned into a great public festival. Vast numbers of people turned out to see it as it passed slowly along the main road from Linz to the capital. Dr. Gleissner, the Governor of Upper Austria, handed it over to Cardinal Innitzer amidst

3: Hiscocks G-4, 5 (1946-1949) 1953 EK1 Austria EK1

346 demonstrations of great popular enthusiasm. The 'Pummerin' was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the inscription on it in Latin, 'To the Queen of Austria', had a significance for non-Catholics as well as Catholics. It symbolized the strength of spiritual values in a country whose cultural revival would not have been possible under conditions of great material hardship without strong faith in non-material ideals.

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Vienna. Old University and Jesuit Church.

876 the mistakes of others, to criticise and to correct them. Ambition was made the spur. The best scholars were publicly commended at the end of the school year, were awarded prizes, and amidst the sound of drums and trumpets, their names were announced with great ceremony to the assembled visitors present at the end of term performance. Their names were inscribed on a list of the successful which was distributed to the guests. Rivalry between the aristocracy and middle classes also encouraged the spirit of competition the former believing that their superior rank obliged them to secure a similar superiority in learning, in which endeavour they frequently met with the competition of sons of middle class parents.

793 Vienna was the oldest Jesuit stronghold (after Cologne) in the German-speaking
798 countries. Ten years later, in 1561, a second branch of the Order was established within the frontiers of present-day Austria, the college at Innsbruck, and was soon followed by another, that of Hall-in-Tyrol, in 1569. A year later, in 1570, a branch was established in Graz, in the year 1600 the Jesuits settled in Linz, in 1604 in Klagenfurt, in 1613 in Leoben, 1616 in Krems, 1621 in Judenburg and in 1632 in Steyr. Protestantism at this time was practically unchallenged in the places where these centres were established. In each of them schools were promptly opened and plays were staged in all; the Faith was spread, not only by the ear but also through the receptive medium of the eye.

Many conversions, many changes of outlook must be attributed to the emotional effects of these dramatic representations. Records often refer to the pleasure which Catholics and others found in these performances.

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The Parish Church in Bregenz.

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Erzberg.

Then the walls of the Goller and the Gösser close in on the river at Raabklamm. Through this gorge a series of stone steps, foot-paths and bridges lead above the roaring, turbulent waters.

At the other end of this gorge rises Gutenberg, a fine castle which owes its impressive lines to the Stubenberg family to whom it has belonged since the 13th century.

361 St. Ruprecht-on-the-Raab owes its name to the Archbishopric of Salzburg which owned properties here since the year 860. Once a large parish and the judicial centre of an important district, it is today a notable market town which is sought out by holiday makers who appreciate its mild and health-giving summer climate.

Here the Weizbach joins the main stream; on its upper reaches lies the township of Weiz, a centre of industrial activity whose foundries even in far-off ages disturbed the placidity of the countryside, into which it is constantly spreading out its tentacles. Its landmark is the partly romanesque Taborkirche, records of which date from 1188. The church on the Weizberg is built high above the town. Its exuberant-baroque twin towers afford a commanding view of the countryside in all directions. The cherished "Himmelsbergerin" as pilgrims call the shrine, is the work of Veit Königer, the Styrian baroque sculptor, and the painter Ritter von Mölk. The famous Renaissance Hall of the Joanneum at Graz was removed thence from Radmannsdorf Castle, today the seat of the Prefecture. Gleisdorf, once an old trading centre, was built on the ruins of Celtic civilisation. Many a well-preserved burgher's house bears witness to the prosperity of former times.

133 361 342 Just before Feldbach, the old market-town of the old Duchy which was raised to the status of a municipality in 1884, the road turns off which leads past Castle Kornberg with its many towers to the Riegersburg. The little town of the same name lies snugly ensconced on the lower slopes of the steep basalt rocks which are crowned by one of the most famous castles of the Province. Through seven gateways the approach winds into the inner courtyard, where a deep well is covered by a fine superstructure in wrought iron. Although Rutgerespurc Castle dates from the

did their grandfathers before them. On holidays they wear the sober Maximilian miner's formal dress as has been the custom for centuries. Work above ground has made the old shafts obsolete, a giant electric crane replaced the old trucks.

Three roads once led to Vordernberg, on the other side of the Erzberg. The brown ones brought iron ore, the black ones coal and the white, flour. Up to the time of Emperor Joseph II this once-wealthy mining and industrial town had the trading monopoly for all iron ore smelted there. Since Donawitz has been able to draw coal from Seegraben, the blast furnaces of Vordernberg have fallen on evil days.

Styria is also called "The Green March", because of the woods which cover the spurs of the alps, as vast forests in the heights and as cool coverts between the vineyards of the lowlands. They are peopled by mountain dwellers of ancient and hardy stock such as the Archduke Johann knew and loved. That princely friend of the people rescued the Province from economic and mental decay, making of it a pleasant garden where the concerns founded and encouraged by him exist today. Johann gave proof of his love for Styria by taking one of its daughters for his wife. The people and the forests have grown together to make up what is implied by the term "forest motherland."

IN THE CAPITAL.

The pleasantest way to reach Graz is to cross the Ries. The road descends in ever-sharper curves until after one steep drop one finds oneself facing the five terraces of the town. At once the eye is caught by the Schlossberg with its corpulent Clock Tower.

A sky of southern blue sets off the grey stones of the main square. Outside the Rathaus the flower and vegetable market is a riot of colour. The character

of provincial nobility, originally built for defence and as a refuge for the villagers, which today illustrate modern farming methods or have become seats of responsible national education. Castle Neudau, the old Wasserburg may be named as one example of many.

Close to the edge of the mountains, at the foot of the Ringkogel, over which the Romans built the Säumerstrasse, lies the town of Hartberg amidst country which has been cultivated since the earliest times. Today it is the seat of various administrative authorities, an outpost of northern East Styria. The fine lines of the baroque tower of the local parish church puts it ahead of many other pleasing pieces of architecture in Hartberg.

Pöllau, the market-town between Rabenwald and Massenberg has become famous on account of its old monastery church, a spacious building distinguished by its fine workmanship. The most important interior decoration is the painting by the Master who created the Pöllau frescoes, Matthias von Görz.

The ancient Monastery of the Prebendaries at Vorau stands in solitary grandeur. Founded in the 12th century, razed to the ground by fire and rebuilt, ravaged by wars and consequently fortified like a castle, showing signs of decay yet refurbished in the styles of successive periods with added beauties, it has always been a centre of monastic discipline and learning, and of the religious and educational work carried on by the priests in the mountains and valleys of the district. The church has two German towers. On the walls of its brightly-lit interior the Masters of the early 18th century have put all the joyful triumph of the baroque age into their paintings, colouring and stucco work. The sacristy is known for its "Judgement Day", and "Last Supper",

by J. C. Hackhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscript.

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Admont Monastery, Library.

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musical notes enlivening the warm nights and sun-drenched, dreamy days. The more abundantly the vines have blossomed, the sweeter the ripening grapes, the more wind rattles are set up to protect the cherished fruit. In their thousands they are supposed to scare away the bold thrushes and starlings. Although when they sound loudly a cloud of scared birds rises into the sky, they soon settle again among the sweet grapes. The wind-rattles really contribute more to the atmosphere of this part of the country than to the effective protection of the wine. Visitors as well as natives adore them; you quickly learn to distinguish the notes of one from another. On stormy nights of hail and thunder, it is as if they were calling in alarm to the ruler of the clouds.

Styrian attributes:
Dear but galant the Ennstaler,
Charming the Ausseer girl,
Thoughtful and grave the Murbodner.
Solemn, good tree-herman the East Styrian,
Easily roused the Grazer,
Soft of heart the Lower Styrian.
And all tough and courageous in the cause of the Motherland.

up or dug out to form ditches and pits; between them stand the narrow sheds containing slabs of dried peat. The valley extends as a wilderness filled with the humming of a myriad insects busy above the red carpet of wild mustard out of which rise blackberry brambles and the white trunks of young birches. The Kulm, a tree-clad hill on the pale summit of which stands the pilgrimage church of Frauenberg, rises steeply from the banks of the Enns. With two towers and light coloured walls the old shrine reflects the light of the surrounding mountain peaks, which look like a festive garland supporting the blue of the heavens. For half a century the abbots of Admont have cherished this church of Our Gracious Lady with artistic and more than loving generosity. In the "Turkish Year" (1683) the church was invested with its baroque pomp as a worthy framework for the old shrine, to which Johann Thaddäus Stammel later added a glorious wreath in the shape of a delightful choir of angels.

A narrow avenue of chestnut trees leads to a Calvary Mount on the fringe of the mountains. The group around the Cross rises above a weather-beaten wall. It is the work of peasant hands and has an impressive solemnity seen against the background of the distant mountains. In the valley below the Enns emerges, a green and glittering torrent, to flow through meadows and alder bushes to Admont.

The two slender towers of the Abbey which are seen by the tourist from a long way off, were only built after the great fire of 1865, but the surrounding settlement and the foundation of the monastery date back to the earliest history of the Province. Latest research claims to have established that the name Admont is of Illyrian origin, and that the "region of plentiful water" which this name suggests in Illyrian had therefore long been inhabited by human beings—by fishermen, woodsmen and hunters—when monks from St. Peter in Salzburg came, in 1047, to the monastery. It had been built by Archbishop Eberhard with money given by St. Hemma of Gurk, there to found what became one of the most prosperous and best known cultural centres of the Province. Worship and science, art, agriculture

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[217]

Bad Aussee.

and forestry all found a home here. Progress and civilisation were spread through the surrounding virgin forests and through the properties which had been given to the monastery in Sausal and Untersteier. Often threatened by fire, the monastery has succeeded in preserving undamaged its famous treasury, the library with the frescoes of Altomonte and the masterpieces of J. T. Stammel up to the present day. During the heyday of the monastery, the flower of Austria's youth took their vows here, a long line of artists, men of learning and priests being noted in the chronicles of the monks during the course of a whole century. The great world, however, has forgotten most of their names, although historians still speak of Abbot Heinrich II, whose gifts of statesmanship resulted in the dignity of a Governor of Styria being added to his title of Abbot before he was treacherously murdered in 1297.

Better remembered in our own times are the names of the scholars Richard Peinlich and Albert von Muchar, after whom streets have been named by the provincial capital.

After a short, enforced pause, the rule of St. Benedict was re-established in the almost 900 year old cloister, a monastic revival in modern times of a venerable past.

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Towards the north, beyond the little village of Hall, where salt was crystallized out of the waters in the 12th century, and the hidden, solitary mills, the Haller Mauern majestically enclose the Admont Valley. How grand are the names of the Steinberge—Pyhrgas, Hochturm, Hexenturm and Natternriegel! And how grandly their cliffs and peaks glow beneath the summer sky. For nearly half the year through clear and frosty wintry days they are covered with a glittering mantle of snow.

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To the South the jagged Hahnstein rears its head, blocking the view to the higher peaks of Sparafeld and the Reichenstein. On the slopes of the Klosterkogel lies Röthelstein Castle. Lime trees stand in the outer courtyard, which is surrounded by a turreted and loopholed wall. A massive archway leads to the Residence which is known as a fine example of 17th and 18th century architecture.

1 [i.e. Admont Monastery -- Analyst]

133 and raftsmen, leaving Altenmarkt behind it, the Enns, today the favourite torrent for adventurous souls in collapsible boats, flows across the frontier into Upper Austria.

[496] From Selzthal the railway runs upstream along the left bank of the Enns to Radstadt and Bischofshofen in the province of Salzburg. All along its course northwards stands a chain of the characteristic peaks of the Kalkalpen in exciting divergency—Hochmölbing, Totes Gebirge, Hochtausing, Grimming, Stoderzinken and the lower flanks of the massive Dachstein. Different again, less wild, but as unique in their own way, are the forested subalpine hills which run off here to the left. Behind them lies the wilderness of the Niedere Tauern with their many lakes.

361 Liezen at the northern edge of the valley, mention of which occurs in documents
[438] of 900 years ago, was the most important transport junction before the railway came into being. Trade and barter brought prosperity from the salt carriers and the traders who arrived by way of the Pyhrnstrasse. The growth of the neighbouring town of Selzthal has brought losses to the former roadside settlement, but the persevering inhabitants have found other means of livelihood and today its flourishing industries have raised Liezen to the status of a town.

[529] Wörschach, a pleasant and peaceful spot at the entrance to a gorge, attracts from afar holiday visitors and health seekers year after year to the healing springs of its radio-active sulphur baths. Mountaineers and ski-ers climb from here into the mountain world of Hochmölbing, Warschenegg and Hochtausing, the climber often finding summer conditions on the verdant heights of the Schneehitzalm and the Bärenfeuchten between the numerous herdsmen's huts. The mere pedestrian crosses the Taschnermoos within view of the towering Grimming and goes on to the Putterersee by way of Aigen.

[346] From Wörschach the road leads westwards to Niederhofen, whose little gothic church deserves the attention of all lovers of art—and of Styria. This building contains curious tempera paintings from about the year 1500 and three carved altars from the 17th century. According to Ferdinand Tremel, the Styrian historian, we have in it one of the oldest churches of the Enns Valley. In Stainach, to which the junction of the Salzkammergut electric railway and the Bischofshofen—Selzthal line have brought new life and trade, we catch sight of the rocky nest of "in der Pürgg" above. The great gothic church there, noteworthy for its antiquity as well as for its unusually artistic architecture, well earns its local name of "Steyrisches Kripperl" (Styrian Crib). Inns and farmhouses surround it, completely filling the gap in the rocky cliffs.

On the other side of the valley lies Irdning, an impressive market-town whose busy life confers many advantages on the wide mountainous hinterland.

From Liezen onwards one is impressed again and again by a mountain which rises above lower wooded heights like a vast, glittering castle of rock—the Grimming.

133 It is not surprising that in the Middle Ages it was described as the highest mountain in Styria and that the people paid tribute to its majesty in awe-inspired legends.

361 The market-town of Gröbming is worth a visit. Holidaymakers are attracted to it because of its fine situation and wonderful scenery. People from a wide area come to deal with officials who long ago established themselves here because of the central position. Art lovers come again and again on pilgrimages to the beautiful [346] gothic church whose great carved triptych altar of the year 1510 stands out among other art treasures.

Going upstream, we find the Enns flowing through increasingly cultivated and civilised country the nearer it gets to the old mountain town of Schladming. This place has been well planned and beautifully proportioned about a great square. Overshadowed by the towers of the Catholic parish church of the 16th century and the Evangelical church (1862), it presents a picture of dignified calm. In the past it has seen much want, warfare and tumult. It was the scene of peasant and religious wars. Fires and economic collapse ruined many an old family. The civic rights which were lost by Schladming in the year 1525 were restored to it again in 1925 in recognition of the courageous temperament and vigour of its 133 population. The Schladming countryside gets its individual note from two plateaus, the Rohrmoos and the Ramsau. The latter, lying at a height of over 3000 feet at the foot of the Dachstein, has been populated and cultivated for ages. The picturesquely-scattered farm-houses bear many evidences of their occupants' unquenchable love of the homeland. Thanks to its healthy situation in the heights and the approach it offers to the Dachstein via the Austriahütte, Ramsau is one of the most popular holiday centres of the Alps.

342 From Rohrmoos, a little further off, the view of the Dachstein range is if anything grander and more impressive. Here, as on the Ramsau, the farmhouses have in many cases retained the local peculiarity of the flatly inclined purlin roofs (as they are to be found westwards in the adjoining province of Salzburg). Together with the wooden shingle roofs weighted down by stones, they give the countryside its distinguishing note. These comfortable and homely dwellings are fast disappearing. Modern ideas and times call for economy with wooden shingles, pointing to the greater space and other advantages afforded by the steep roof.

133 HOCHSCHWAB AND MARIAZELL. On the borders of Lower Austria rises the broad and mighty complex of the Hochschwab. The range covers a surface of 400 square kilometres and includes over a hundred separate peaks. When the townsman sees these mountains, he has the feeling that Faust's magic

cloak has transported him into another world. The magnificent though distant views across the Danube to the high-lying plateau of the Waldviertel, to the West towards the Dachstein and beyond it to the Glockner, to the South as far as the barrier of the Karawanken are not easily forgotten.

Dachstein, Southern Slopes.

No less impressive is the wilderness of surrounding peaks and snowfields. The Hochschwab, that mighty giant, is approached through defiles and valleys where stand old foundries and deserted smithies. One's eyes are continually drawn to the towering walls of this gigantic range.

That is how the monk had seen it who is mentioned in the legend of the founding of Mariazell. In the middle of the 12th century, Otto VII, Abbot of Lambach, sent one of his monks eastwards to spread the teachings of Christ in the wilds of the mountains. He carried with him on his arduous journey an ikon of the Virgin, carved out of the wood of the lime-tree. But before long he found that he could no longer find his way out of the mountains, range upon range rising before him to bar his path. At last he sank down exhausted before a wall of rock, calling on the Virgin for help and rescue. In answer to his prayers the unscaleable barrier of rock parted asunder, granting him a miraculous passage to the valley behind it. There the holy man stayed and decided to build himself a cell in honour of the Virgin.

Now a town, Mariazell is delightful in summer as in winter because of its position and the surrounding scenery. Its central point is the great pilgrimage church, the largest in Styria. Gothic forms and baroque roof are impressively united. To the rear of the middle part of the nave is the chapel of Our Lady and the revered picture of the Virgin Mary and Child which is the object of worship.

The simple "Marien-Zelle" has developed into a place of pilgrimage, its religious influence reaching far beyond Austr into other lands. Processions of pilgrims seek comfort and strength here. Women and girls who wear a picture of the Virgin Mary of Mariazell on a slender chain about their necks, are supposed to be protected by it from sin and distress, and to retain for life a share in that charm and gaiety which enshrines this little jewel of a town in the mountains and spreads over the whole Styrian countryside.

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salt from Hallstatt—still 10,000 to 15,000 tons a year—was rowed over the lake and taken down the Traun in small boats. From this time on a separate industry developed—that of ship-building, for there was a considerable fleet to keep in order. There were six-oared and nine-oared boats; upstream they were drawn by horses. The knowledge of ship-building acquired by the inhabitants of the Salzkammergut proved of good service during the wars against the Turks, for many hundreds of war vessels were built by them, to be used on the lower reaches of the Danube.

At the beginning of the 17th century, as a result of the Plague and the Turkish Wars, the Salzkammergut was involved in grave economic difficulties. In 1714 the Salt Office in Gmunden refused all responsibility for steady salt production "while the salt workers are literally dying of starvation". In 1715, people in Hallstatt were reduced to eating soup made of salt water and bran bread.

In 1717, scurvy broke out in Aussee. In 1770, the want was so great that the miners saved the tallow issued to them for lighting purposes in the mines in order to be able to take it home on Fridays as extra fat.

The time was ripe for social upheavals, and in France the flag of revolution was unfurled. In Austria radical reforms were proclaimed by a progressive monarch, the Emperor Joseph II.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

The traditional customs of the Province follow the seasons of the year. Just before Christmas families work with devotion and skill to build up a Manger scene, often several yards long. From moss and roots a Salzkammergut scene is built up in which the Crib is placed with its carved wooden figures, which generally date from the 18th century. Midnight mass is solemnly

Wilhering Monastery.

As one passes through a romantic countryside, villages crop up here and there, crowding their red roofs around lofty church spires. Elsewhere the mighty keep of a mountain castle challenges the skies. The steamer threads its way among sandbanks where herons stand motionless as dream figures until suddenly one of them flaps his wings and writes the cryptic signs of his flight in the morning sky. In the far distance one can see where, to the south, the wall of the Alps blocks out the horizon; at times it seems to draw nearer and at times it seems to be swallowed up in the misty distance.

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The boat steams cautiously past the rocks of the Aschacher Kachlet, giving the passenger time to look at the tower of Eferding Parish Church, in which a certain Johannes Kepler once married the daughter of a simple citizen, Reutlinger. Beyond the ruins of Schaumburg we approach the hills of Aschach. The grapes embodied in the coat-of-arms of this market-town are a reminder of bygone days of Upper

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Corpus Christi Procession on the Traunsee.

133 Further up the Traun lies the Hallstättersee, a tight-lipped storehouse of
361 ancient secrets. The houses of the little market-town are piled one above the other on the narrow rocky terraces leading from the shores of the lake to the slopes of the Salzberg, on whose heights lies a famous ancient burial ground.
765 Lines of Hamlet come back involuntarily as one inspects the charnel-house with its many rows of skulls with religious inscriptions painted across the bony foreheads.

133 Indifferent to man's changing fortunes, the Dachstein, its royal peak towering above the mountain forests, watches eternally in its glacier armour. Below, the Gosau Lakes look up at it with unrevealing eyes of green in whose depths one can read only the reflection of primitive natural forces.

946 In the Salzkammergut, beauties of nature and of handicraft are never far apart, and on turning from the one you meet the other. There are carved statues and

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pulpits, sacred images and churches with famous altars—Hallstatt, Mondsee and, at St. Wolfgang, Michael Pacher's wonderful altar triptych. 346

There is the old monastery settlement of Traunkirchen; on a steep hill jutting out into a creek of the lake which the Romans called "The Happy", the monastery lies adjacent to the church and the dreamy courtyard of the now solitary garden, cut off by an arched gateway from the outside world. Next again comes the cemetery, protected by a low wall of rock which runs down to the lake. The graves are huddled together, the mounds and crosses covered by rambler and ivy. Those whose minds incline that way may reflect in this lovely spot on life's reconciliation with death. 361

Turning back to pulsating, exuberant life, the picturesque streets tempt one to travel further, mountain railways wait to carry one up to the summits which afford such unique views of the lake district of the Salzkammergut.

Just as in Rome one drops a coin into the Fontana di Trevi if one wishes one day to return there, so one should linger for a parting glance at the promenade in Gmunden. Built in a series of rising curves, the epithet it seems to call for is "graceful". Country mansions, castles and middle-class homes rub shoulders with one another. Boats rock softly on the water, swans glide elegantly towards the shore and the silver-grey outlines of the lakeside castle are reflected in the waves.

Hallstatt

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FROM KREMSMÜNSTER TO ST. FLORIAN. Swiftly and smoothly the pastel-green waters of the Traun run through forest and field out into the fertile moorland near Wels, a town which has a colourful and distinguished past. The course of the Traun is followed closely by the smaller Krems. This river has given its name to a splendid abbey. Anyone seeing Kremsmünster for the

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Mondsee; Stiftskirche.

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The world which is revealed at St. Florian is vast and majestic in a different sense. Below the heights of the Ennstal the towers of this magnificent building of the venerable Augustine Prebendaries rise into the sky, a brilliant masterpiece of the Austrian Baroque.

Bad Ischl, Pump Room.

One cannot help being deeply impressed by the beauty of this complex of monastic buildings, especially if the approach is made from the highroad up the steep hill and one passes through the main archway on to the outer courtyard. The effect of the delicate lines of the façade is irresistible. In the middle stands the massive gateway, inviting one to pass through and on to the point where stairways appear on either side and, straight ahead, the spacious inner courtyard.

The names of Carlo Antonio Carlone and Jakob Prandtauer appear here once again. Illustrious visitors have stayed here through all the centuries—emperors, popes, artists and great masters, the last of these being Anton Bruckner. The Monastery is indebted to Albrecht Altdorfer for a number of valuable panel paintings which, in their passion of portrayal, in the splendour of their glowing colours, represent all that is best in the Danube School.

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Bridging the centuries, the rainbow of art reaches Bruckner's symphonies in which the spirit of the baroque period and of rustic scenery are expressed by the blending of ardent themes with clear and simple melodies. Grand stairway, "Emperor's Room", Library, gay ceiling frescoes, the carving on the dark choir seats and jubilant, trumpeting angels—all are born of that spirit which pervades the Province of Upper Austria, rooted in the primitive strength of the soil and religious belief.

St. Florian Monastery.

Variety of scenery, of work and of people, multiplicity of colouring and tone, differences of speech, song, verse and custom, in village and in town—all this goes to make up, all this is given by our bountiful, inexhaustible, motherly homeland of Lower Austria.

Let thy sons tell of thee to friends:

IN THE SEMINARY AT ST. PÖLTEN. It was a long and exciting journey as your mother travelled with you from the northern vineyards across Vienna and the Wienerwald to St. Pölten. As the great cupola of the mighty Abbey tower rose above the horizon you could not suppress a slight quiver of excitement, and as the other towers joined it, spires and then again cupolas, you felt, without being able to express it, that there was something spiritual about this picture. Then it gripped you, the riot of colour and the flowing lines of Baroque. Overcome, you stood in the great abbey square, and then passed through the gates in mute expectancy. Marble columns, gilded capitals, ornate ceilings and the glittering gilt and colouring of the altar pictures impressed you deeply.

Rathaus and Trinity Column, Franciscan Church and Carmelite Monastery, bold tracery of gables, blossoming clouds of stone, haloes spreading rays of gold, they all plunged you in a single day deep into the rich treasures of a vanished world. Since that day your acquaintance with the great names of Jakob Prandtauer, Daniel Gran, Altomonte, Mungenast and Kremser Schmidt have meant much to you.

In those times the board of the seminary was a frugal one and outside, overhanging the road to the town, there was a solitary pear, forgotten in the glossy green of the mighty tree-tops, tempting, round and invitingly yellow. For half an hour or more you tried to knock it down. The one who finally hit it was envied, but when he bit into it he made a face. For weeks it had to be kept in a cupboard, and only then did it become chocolate brown on the outside, the inside silver-hued and delightfully sweet. You soon found out that St. Pölten lay near the perry country.

the austere yet lighter shades of oats and rye. Colour is lent by blue flax, red and white poppies and verdant green fields.

The view is dominated by range upon sweeping range of eternal mountains. White highways curve gracefully up and again down the steep slopes. Everywhere at the highest point stands a dark-green forest of pines. At times the ground stops abruptly, and you can see whence the gigantic stone masses fell—and are falling still today—which formerly towered above field and forest as ancient mountains. A precipice drops steeply away, the debris of fallen stone-masses lying at its foot among the many trees. Past great piles of stones large and small flow the Thaya and the Kamp, sweeping stones with them. They swirl in endless bends around the foot of cliff after cliff. About their sheer walls stand defiant castles and dreamy ruins.

Apricot Gathering in the Wachau District.

Once you were invited to visit the forest district. For a whole day you journeyed through the woods and then you were forced to stop. Before you arose a great baroque tower, below it a forest of gothic pillars reaching towards the heavens, cloisters and a shaded well, the whole complicated gothic blossoming and romanesque fading—the monastery of Zwettl in its lovely situation on the banks of the swift-flowing Kamp amidst mighty forests. Continuing, you came to the frontier, high above. A piece of secular and chivalric history confronted you like a rock—Heidenreichstein, the most beautiful river-castle of the Province.

Usage and custom are rooted in the soil of the woodlands. On the house gables appear May blossoms in many colours. Young men plant green fir-trees, decorated with waving ribbons, for their girls. Mischievous "May paths" are devised with sawdust or water mixed with lime which are suddenly found leading over streets and byways from a certain door to another, thus making public what the parties concerned had kept a closely-guarded secret.

In many places the winter evenings still see the traditional "Rockreise". Women and girls "visit" friends in order to spin thread. Softly the delicate wheels turn, young men come and sing, and the women and girls tell stories of the robber chief Grasl, of the wicked Waldschrat and of God's vengeance on the inquisitive girl. Here and there an old loom is still standing.

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Baden near Vienna.

it, it carries rubble and sand from the mountains, laying down its burden wearily in autumn when its level is low, only to drag it vigorously forward again on the swelling spring waters. In winter, ice-floes form into a barrage starting from the direction of Hungary, slowly advancing against the current and constantly fed by drifting ice. The ice-floes thrust with loud reports one upon the other until, in some years, people are able to cross the river on them as on a bridge.

Flood warnings may be given at any time of the year. People are still caught unawares by the rising

To pay special attention to any one place of the Wachau would be to wrong all the others. There are St. Michael, Vösendorf, Rossatz, Arnsdorf, St. Johann, Aggsbach, Emmersdorf, Groisbach and Loiben. Everywhere are dreamy corners, arches and arcades, steep stairways and cliffs, ivy-covered walls overlooking the river.

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Built on a rock high above the Danube, the monastery of Melk holds undisputed sway over the wide countryside. For 300 years the massed roofs of the village below have marched with the columned façade of the front elevation. It took a whole generation to build this

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Seebenstein.

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mighty Benedictine monastery according to Prandtauer's grandiose design, the Prelate's Courtyard with its quiet fountains, the Imperial Wing, the great half-moon of the terrace between the two monumental and at the same time delicately contrasted towers, the high dome of the cupola, the library, the fine reliefs of the archways and the artistic ceiling frescoes. Stand beneath this baroque canopy and look upwards: Virtues, Wisdom and the Arts are seen attempting to lead the human soul to higher things.

Here one is confronted with a part of the spirit of Austria. Side by side with the inescapable reality of everyday life and the material world, thought and emotion have built an unattainable but equally real world

491 of the imagination in baroque style. It is in conformity that the Wachau district does not possess any broad, straight motor roads. Here everyone is forced to linger, to regard quietly his surroundings, perhaps also to ponder a little over himself and the world.

133 Melk stands at the beginning of the Wachau, which now passes Schönbühel to become the most famous part of the Danube Valley. Church and castle stand here on rocky ground near the river, showing a marked individuality of design. You would be well advised to stop at Aggsbach to climb to the ruins of Aggstein. The countryside here opens up like a burst and overripe fruit. Along the horizon roll the green waves of the mountains, hill upon hill. Far below the remaining walls of the once mighty castle gleams the "Rosengärtlein". Scattered around are farms, churches and fertile fields. Down in the valley vineyard follows vineyard. The sharp tang of woodruff rises on the air, and may later be met again floating in a refreshing wine-cup.

361 A culminating point in this feast for the eyes is Dürnstein. It rises up abruptly in complicated lines and its harmonious blending of ochre and white. Sheltering beneath the dominating ruins of the old castle and a baroque monastery tower is the clean little market town where the moving story of Richard the Lion-Hearted and his minstrel Blondel is still honoured today.

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First let us visit the basket weavers of the beautiful Rabnitz Valley and the potters of Stoob where the ancient craft of pottery is still carried on by hand. Then let us cross to Raiding. Here the small house is still standing where a great man in the world of music first saw the light of day—Franz Liszt. He was triumphant the world over, from Russia to France and England. Everywhere the smiles of lovely women welcomed him but more and more he was affected by that melancholy which is reflected in the verses of Lenau. The latter had connections with the Burgenland through his mother; his lyrics won as many friends for the land of the *Puszta* as did the Hungarian rhapsodies of Liszt.

Basket-Weaver.

131 Past Ritzing, where the surface belongs to the Burgenland but the coal below it to Hungary, because the tunnels of Brennberg, near Ödenburg, burrow below the frontier, our way leads us to Sieggraben. This is the home of the Semmelweis family, whose most famous son brought salvation from the scourge of puerperal fever to the child-bearing mothers of all times. From here the road climbs to the summit of the Rosaliengebirge, where a view opens towards the east across the Wulka Plain, taking in Ödenburg and the Neusiedler Lake and westwards, the Bucklige Welt, Wiener Neustadt and the Leitha.

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712

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Village Drummer.

On the Leitha also lies the battlefield of 1246. Friedrich the Quarrelsome, last of the Babenbergs, made the territory which had formerly belonged to the Mark of the Carolingians the subject of his first demands.

The Burgenland was long contested. Not for nothing do the many churches in its pleasant villages stand on commanding heights, surrounded by walls which give them the appearance of fortresses, and not for nothing were the many castles and fortified towers set up.

The days of the Turkish invasions brought poverty and desolation to the land, but at the same time a new population which was fleeing from the Turks and found a new home in the Burgenland—the Croats. From Kroboteck in the district of Jennersdorf through Stinatz, Punkitz, Podgoria and Kroatisch-Minihof there

Village Street.

[103] are many village names of Croat origin. These Croats not only repopulated the devastated areas but also cleared the forests to build new settlements. The 162 "Displaced Persons" of the Turkish Wars have become an indispensable part 361 of the Burgenland population.

They are called "Wasserkroaten". It is uncertain as whether this refers to their 101 having come from the coasts of Dalmatia, or whether "Wosser Kroaten" points to their having come from the province of Wossen, i. e. Bosnia.

333 The soil of the Burgenland is not capable of feeding all its children, so that thousands of its inhabitants become bricklayers who work for the whole week in other parts of Austria during the season, to return on Saturdays to their native villages. Their busy hands have helped to create the splendid buildings on the Ringstrasse. In the plaster and stucco decorations of these are concealed [346] the reeds of the Neusiedler Lake. The Votivkirche, in Vienna, is built of stone from the quarries of St. Margarethen, between Eisenstadt and the lake. The Italians who were summoned to the Leithagebirge in 1550 as stone masons had barely become Burgenlanders when they were commissioned to work on the imperial "Neugebäude" in Ebersdorf. Thus there is a close connection between Kaiser-Ebersdorf in Vienna and the Burgenland parish of Kaisersteinbruch in the Leithagebirge.

life which exists for its own ends, for you, for me, and for everyone.

ON FOOT THROUGH THE INNER CITY.

Come now straight to the heart of the city, but forget for a time your occupation and the time of day. There are towns which may be hurried through hastily. Others—and Vienna is one of these—need to be enjoyed in leisurely fashion.

The difficulty of understanding Vienna lies in the contrasts and parallels with which one is everywhere confronted, the baroque fusion of concrete objects and abstract ideas. The pulsing heart of the city, its centre in every sense of the word, is the Stephansdom. Six modern streets, busy and bustling, converge there to pour their teeming crowds and traffic into the Cathedral Square. There is nothing visible to recall the fact that this square was a cemetery until the time of the Emperor Joseph.

Viennese Girl, 1898.

Viennese Girl, 1899.

Let us approach it from the Graben. The kaleidoscope of moving traffic keeps the picture of street life constantly changing. Above a tall house stands a globe as an advertisement for sewing-machines. A few steps further and we face the Cathedral, standing aloof from the workaday world which surrounds it. Before this grey, noble pile, everything round about seems to dissolve into unreality. Never can this picture be forgotten, the tower, at once massive and delicate, its slender height leading up to the window of the fire-watchers, up and up to the blossoming of the spire and to its topmost pinnacle above which there is only the majestic peace of the Vienna skies.

This cathedral in the midst of a bustling world of shops radiates a solemn calm, a hallowed spot amidst competing vanities and material interests. Like some worldspirit rising clear of the life

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of the senses, its tower reaches up to the heights of immorality.

This church is no sermon in stone, but a building which appeals to every sense and thereby multiplies its eloquence. Its speech can only be heard by those who listen with their inmost souls—there are many thousands who hardly catch the faintest whisper as they hasten past. Yet to everyone, surely, the moment comes when he hears and understands this speech.

Do not confuse yourself with details. Listen only with one ear to the explanations offered you, for the general impression is more important than the parts which go to produce it. But one cannot overlook the old romanesque west front. It stands solemn and massive in comparison with the supporting columns which rise upwards to lose themselves in the delicate tracery of arching windows. There in front, near the small porter's lodge begin the seemingly endless steps leading up to the tower. Behind the water-spewing gargoyles hangs the "Pummerin", a mighty bell which was cast from the metal of Turkish cannons.

Before we enter the Cathedral let us take a quick glance at the exterior. There are niches sheltering figures which look down on us—Jesus on the Cross, the Virgin Mary, and, towards the front, an open air rostrum from which Johannes Capistranus preached a crusade against the Turks. The small door at the side leads to the catacombs. It was at this spot that the body of Mozart was consecrated in 1791. The subterranean chambers are extensive and many-storied. In the crowded city of the Middle Ages it was often necessary to bury the dead below the streets of the city itself. From 1735 to 1783, 12,000 bodies were buried here.

[764]

The North Tower of the Stephanadom has never been completed. Need we regret it? Could one nowadays picture this landmark of Vienna with a second companion tower? Over the Adlerturm

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Dominikanerkirche

(Eagle Tower) spreads the twilight of expiring Gothic, but a few paces further on we can admire the luxurious, vigorous Gothic of the porch before the Bishop's Door (leading into the transept). The plain façade across the street is that of the Archbishop's Palace.

Let us now enter through the reverent half-light of the Cathedral. What a vast hall confronts us. The light of the candles which pious hands are for ever placing before the picture of the Madonna give an idea how high is the centre part of the nave. Gradually shapes take form in the gloom—statues, columns, canopies, tombs, memorial tablets, the wonderful stalls of the women's choir, the pulpit, a portrait of the Master Pilgram, the Tirnakapelle where Prince Eugene sleeps, the baroque altars against the pillars and the tomb of Friedrich III.

BURGOMASTER DR. KARL LUEGER.

When the Ringstrasse was nearing completion and Vienna had not yet finished filling in the wide gaps between the districts on the near and on the far side of the Gurtel, when there was a never-ending stream of people moving towards the capital seeking work, happiness and well-being there, when the city's outer suburbs were reaching out further and further towards the horizon—at this moment a man arose from amidst the people who was to complete Vienna's transition to a large city with vision, courage and energy during his few years of office. This was the memorable burgomaster, Dr. Karl Lueger.

He was a true child of the people, his father being curator to a museum and his mother the owner of a tobac-

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The Dorotheerkirche before 1787.

consul's shop. He himself started as an insignificant and unknown lawyer, but soon became the advocate of the small man. He had an unequalled knowledge of Viennese dialect, which he spoke himself.

This was the beginning of a new era. The industrial development of Austria had reached a peak during the seventies of the bygone century. Finance and industrial capital completely dominated the economic system of the Monarchy, backed politically by the Liberal Party. At the Freudenau races the offspring of great aristocratic families rubbed shoulders with those of the new-rich „golden millionaires". They raised their grey top hats in salutation to each other, the one with casual good breeding, the other with demonstrative self-assertiveness, exchanged bows and greetings from their rubber-tyred carriages in the Hauptallee and soon found themselves in full accord over mutual business

How evil were those men who set fire to this wonderful cathedral as they retreated from Vienna in 1945. This is the most painful wound in the martyred body of the city.

Let us forget such sad memories in the sunny, pleasant streets where we can join the bustle of the Old Town. We may cut through the narrow side streets quickly, seeking the hidden heart of the city. Converging on the noise of the Kärntnerstrasse are deserted corners and the backs of houses where washing is hung out on the balconies and a cat calmly licks its paws in the sunshine. Round-arched double doors stand half open to the inquisitive gaze. Old ladies live there who hobble daily to Mass with enormous prayer books, funny, proud old things with the hearts of children. Pretty, fair-haired children smile confidingly from the windows or laugh as they play in the courtyards. There is

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State Opera.

346 such a small-town atmosphere here that it seems as though the biedermeier period lingers on.

These pictures are all to be found here within a comparatively small space. The same number of steps which we had to take from the Cathedral to reach this quiet corner will suffice to take us on to other great gothic churches. The solemn and massive Augustinerkirche stands in a street which is filled with the noise of motor traffic. Its Early Gothic form is still cool and severe, far removed from the decorative exuberance [211] of Late Gothic. The famous Christina Monument created by Canova at the beginning of the 19th century is a remarkable example of the symbolic portrayal of sorrow and mourning.

interests or at times in the conclusion of strange marital alliances.

The great town mansions near the Ring were in sharp contrast to the houses in other parts of the city, in the outlying districts. In the latter a single pump had to suffice for four, eight or ten families and what was called a "light-shaft" was not worthy of the name. It was a gloomy, narrow tunnel down which the sunlight only penetrated as far as the upper stories in the hottest summer.

To be a Liberal meant to leave things as they were, not to interfere, to leave the peace of the upper classes undisturbed and to remain deaf to the plaints of those below.

Lueger, however, had an ear for the low mutterings of the crowd, for

he lived next to the small man, to artisans and shopkeepers, simple citizens and factory workers. To replace isolated and ineffective outbursts of discontent, he formulated a radical programme of demands, using language which could be understood by all, shaking the Imperial City until it awoke from the slumbers of Liberalism with his fiery speeches.

While society—baronesses, bankers and officers—continued to waste idle lives in flirtations, while the Prater meadows echoed in the early morning to the sound of shots exchanged by duellists, Lueger was considering how the pressing municipal problems which had arisen through the crowding together of enormous masses of people could be solved in progressive fashion, to the advantage of the community and in the teeth of corruption and vested interests.

The population of Vienna had risen from 680.000 in the year 1875 to 1,727.000 in the year 1900, but the horse-drawn tramway, the steam tramway and the few electric trams were not linked together. They were inadequate to meet the demand for transport, and charged very high fares.

Apart from these concerns a few small gas and electricity works had come into being, all of them privately owned and most of them the property of foreigners, who had built up for themselves a circle of paying customers and now proceeded to make enormous profits.

Lueger recognised with infallible instinct that the supplying of the Vienna population with gas, electric light and modern means of transport must not be made the subject of greedy exploitation by private capital, but that it was the duty of the municipality to retain the monopoly of this branch of the administration in its own hands, thus making these facilities available to the general public on the most favourable terms.

The quiet peaceful Minoriten Church has 346
a solemn, other-wordly air. The fine main entrance in French Gothic is the work of Jakobus of Paris. The façades of baroque palaces, which now house Ministries and the Diet are neighbours in the intimate square.

Hidden away in a corner of the Old Town lies the attractive church of St. Maria-am-Gestade, at the foot of which formerly flowed the Danube, a place of worship venerated by salt-shippers.

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Plate IX

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Rudolf von Alt; Stephansplatz (section). Vienna, Municipal Collection.

[Facing p.368]

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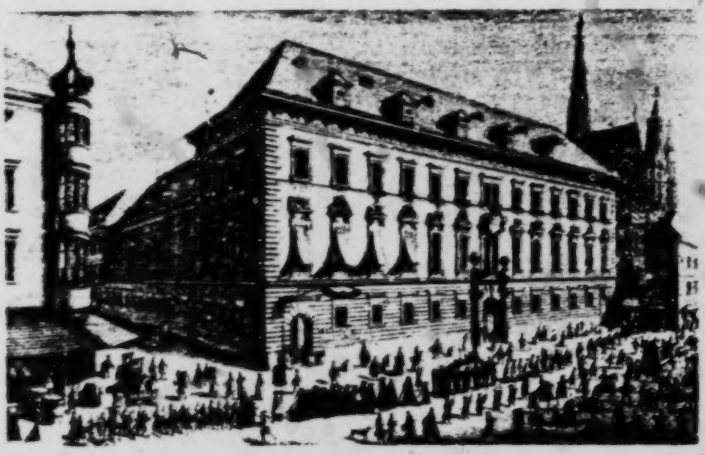

Residence of the Archbishop.

The sevensided tower, the open tracery of the decorative stone cupola, the delightfully hideous gargoyles, the charming covered porch and the richly ornamental network of the arches are a series of glorious surprises.

000 Emerging from this church, it is as if its noble proportions had not yet quite released the visitor from their spell. The narrow surrounding streets through which we approached the church seem to have acquired something of its air of quiet and repose. Vienna is often criticised as being backward. All it amounts to is that the city is too wise rashly to discard what time has tested and found worthy. To do otherwise would be to murder its own soul. Vienna wants to remain always Vienna. In the development of the city, this wish has never been forgotten. You will never be able to understand Vienna until you have grasped one secret. The soul of this

With these basic demands Lueger became the founder of Communal Socialism, gaining with this programme the support of the small man. After nearly 20 years of political struggle, he entered the Vienna Rathaus at the head of the Christian Social Party which he had founded. Austria generally remained under the domination of the Liberal Party, which had four times been successful in securing that the Emperor four times refused to sanction the choice of Lueger as burgomaster. The fifth election in the year 1897 was finally approved by Francis Joseph I.

Capital sought methodically to find a way to block the socialistic tendencies of Lueger in the city council, and he continually met with great difficulties in financing important projects. Finally he founded the Zentralsparkasse der Gemeinde Wien in order to have a bank at his own disposal. He also created

the Städtische Versicherungsanstalt in order to make cheap and reliable insurance available for the masses.

Vienna's rapid development into a great city which culminated during Lueger's term of office as Burgomaster, forced the municipality to undertake new responsibilities. Lueger recognised the needs of the situation and proved himself competent to satisfy them along modern lines.

If one reviews the extent of his activities as Burgomaster, one has to admire Lueger's administrative genius even more than the oratorical gifts of this man of the people. Within a few years he created the extensive organisations of the Municipal Gas and Electricity Works and established a network of tramways. Gradually schools arose. He met the needs of the city for drinking water by building a second pipe-line system to the springs in the mountains. For the living he built the Krankenhaus der Stadt Wien (the Vienna City Hospital) in Lainz, the Städtische Altersheim (Municipal House for the Aged) and the Heil- und Pflegeanstalt Am Steinhof (Lunatic Asylum). For the dead he established the great garden area of the Zentralfriedhof (Central Cemetery).

The building of the municipal warehouses, the taking over of a brewery as city property and the establishment of the central cattle market in St. Marx enabled the Burgomaster to influence trading developments and to institute a measure of price control.

Lueger's greatest gift to Vienna was the creation and dedication to the city of the belt of forests and meadows, which brought it health together with the beauties of nature.

The progress which marked the year 1900 and subsequent years bears the stamps of Lueger's own personality. The necessary measures were born of his own initiative, and had often to be carried through by his personal

Jesuit Church at Am Hof.

bewildering city lies in the past, rooted in the baroque period, yet holds fast with lively enjoyment to all the beauties of this warm earth.

The centre of Vienna as the "Kaiserstadt" is the Burg. There is an Old and a New Burg, the older part dating from the Babenberg days of the 13th century. Behind a short and deep ditch, once a moat, stands the gateway to the Schweizerhof. Its massive rustic blocks call to mind the magnificent porches of Lombardy. The strong pulleys over which ran the chains of the drawbridge are still plainly recognisable.

The courtyards and wings are extensive. Towards the Michaelerplatz the complex of buildings ends in the "White Tower". In the

Viennese Girls, 1914.

Opposite, on the façade facing the Inner City, still within the extensive grounds of the Burg, lies the solemn and dignified Josefsplatz. No successor to Max Reinhardt has arisen who could transplant this impressive scenery on to a stage—the classic façades of the National Library, the Royal Riding School and the enchanting proscenium of the Pallavicini Palace. Behind high windows is the famous domed hall of Fischer von Erlach, a dream in marble, gold and sunlight, which is considered the most magnificent library of the world. The streets leading from it narrow suddenly, as if unwilling to let one leave the square.

And now let us wander through the Inner City without any special goal, to the hidden beauties which are so easily discovered. There stand mysterious courtyards with covered stairways, cage-like balconies, noble weather-beaten porches dreaming of baroque fantasies beneath spider's web little old houses and shops of the dealers in antiques—a garland of beauty hidden in the heart of an active, bustling and teeming metropolis, a fascinating juxtaposition of yesterday and today.

The Plague Column on the Graben was erected by the Emperor Leopold to commemorate the end of the epidemic in 1679. This stone allegory, this bold mixture of realistic and religious ideas, the work of Fischer von Erlach as well as other sculptors, has been compared to a splendid opera. Only a few steps behind it, cut off from the lively Graben by a modest little square, is the venerable Peterskirche, full of colour and rich decorations. Rottmayr's frescoes in the interior radiate a golden brilliance which makes an almost carnal appeal to the senses. A little further, on the Tuchlauben, the clothmakers used to offer their wares in old Vienna, and one-and-a-half centuries earlier the Roman military lines stood here. Every walk through Vienna can be made a game of question and answer with time and history.

Viennese Girl, 1913.

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Josefsplatz ; The National Library.

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The Hohe Markt leads into the Wipplingerstrasse, at the beginning of which the former Bohemian Court Chancellery faces the old Rathaus. In the courtyard of the latter is an artistic creation, the Andromeda Well of Rafael Donner. Donner came to the monastery of Heiligenkreuz as a poor choir-boy and gave shape to his dream pictures by moulding secretly at night the grease which had dripped from the church candles. Another late masterpiece of his art, the Donner Fountain on the Neue Markt, is known and loved by all Viennese. It was created at the end of the baroque period to the order of the burghers of Vienna, who wished to rival the aristocratic and religious patrons of art. It shows two male and two female figures grouped around the principal female figure, "Providentia", with her mirror.

collections in the world. Established in the year 1526, it was moved in 1726 to the baroque building designed by Fischer von Erlach Senior. The central oval of the unique Gala Room contains the private library of Prince Eugene of Savoy. In all, the Institute possesses about one and a half million printed works and over 8000 incunabula. Treasures of untold value are included in the various departments of manuscript, music, maps, theatre, portrait and papyrus collections and in the picture archives.

In the HAUS-, HOF- UND STAATSARCHIV (*Archives of the Imperial House, the Court and the State*) *are documents and treaties of all kinds going back for twelve centuries, valuable manuscripts with the seal of Pope or Emperor attached, state treaties, declarations of state councils,*

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The Graben.

proclamations of the Estates and treaties of peace. Anyone wishing to write the history of Europe is bound to have resort to these unique documents.

The number of collections and galleries, museums and archives seems inexhaustible. The Austrian's love and understanding for art and science have created for themselves a permanent monument in these.

At the head of the list of great MUSEUMS stand those of FINE ARTS and of NATURAL HISTORY. Both date back to the old Hapsburg collections, such as the Treasuries with contents which date from the 13th century. Picture Gallery, Tapestry Collection, "Wagenburg", Medal and Coin Museum, Pre-Historic Section—the problem is where to begin.

The ALBERTINA Collection of Graphic Art, with about a million

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Further on, past the Crypt of the Capuchins is the Albertina situated on a high bastion—a treasure store for art-lovers. Here is an almost complete collection of the drawings of Albrecht Dürer which once belonged to Prince Eugene.

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Almost in the shadow of this Albrechtsrampe and backed by the green spaces of the former Kaisergarten is the white statue of that witty divine, Abraham a Sancta Clara. His entertaining and moving pulpit discourses helped his enormous congregation to forget their hunger, thirst and weariness. He was preacher, narrator and satirist in one. His influence, which did not stop short at the Imperial Court was to a great extent due to his perfect command of Viennese dialect.

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Viennese dialect! This is a faithful mirror of the spirit of Vienna, wonderfully soft and

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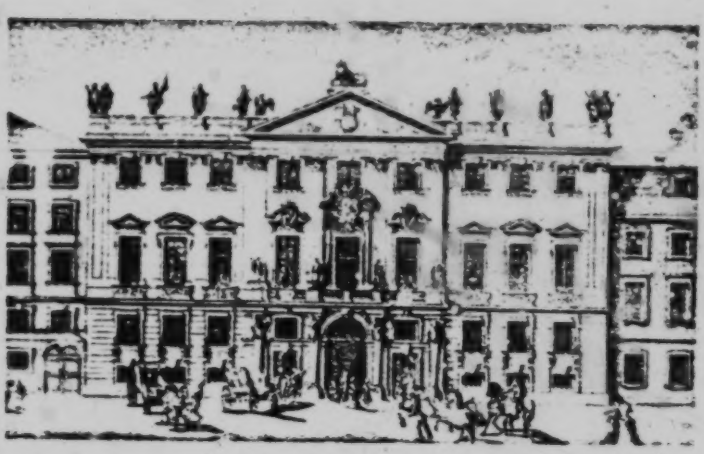

Bohemian Court Chancellery.

192 word "prado", meaning "meadow". A foreign word, the Viennese seized on it,
197 made it their own, the stranger soon became a real Viennese, the "Prater". So it has been with many another expression which may have been Greek—or Spanish—to the Viennese at the outset.

363 The elegant Kärntnerstrasse leads straight from the Ring to the Stephansplatz. We can stroll through it and enjoy its fascinating shop windows another time. Now let us cross it to enter the Himmelpfortgasse where the Winter Palace of Prince Eugene of Savoy is situated. Because the narrow street does not afford a clear view, the statues which usually decorate the entrances to such palais are missing, the three
342 gateways being ornamented only with reliefs. The impression made by the grand staircase in the interior is all the greater, Fischer von Erlach and Lukas von Hildebrand united to create a magnificent palace for the great military leader, although the Belvedere Palace on the other side of the Ringstrasse is a monument to Prince Eugene which is even more imposing.

363 Let us wander on through the complex of narrow streets in the old city, through
346 the venerable, twisting Schönlaterngasse with its dormer windows and porticos, its legend-haunted houses, through the Sonnenfelsgasse in which there is not a single modern house and follow the Bäckerstrasse up to the Alte Universitätsplatz, with its view of the early baroque Jesuitenkirche and the venerable Aula.

[346] 363

The Jesuits have still another place of worship in the Inner City. It stands near by in Am Hof, the church called "Zu den neun Chören der Engel" ("The Nine Choirs of Angels"). Am Hof is picturesque, and its name is ancient. As far back as the 12th century there stood here a country seat of the Babenbergs, which later became their palace. Old records describe the square as a tournament field. Nowadays, at Christmas time, the "Christkindlmarkt" (Christmas Market) is held there, with glittering Christmas trees full of lights, brightly coloured toys on the stalls, rocking-horses and trumpets, bringing a merry sparkle to children's eyes.

Dreamy houses of long-dead burghers frame the great square, in the centre of the whole is a delicate column to the Virgin.

Much of Vienna's history has been written here. From the terrace of the church, in 1782, the Pope gave his benediction to thousands of Viennese. He had arrived unexpectedly to try to persuade the Emperor Joseph II to abandon his plans to reform the Church.

From the same terrace the Emperor Franz II announced the birth of the new Austrian Empire in 1806, after he had laid down the German Imperial Crown under the threats of Napoleon. The revolutionary year, 1848, saw Latour, the Minister of War, hanged here on a lamp-post.

Beyond the hollow of the Tiefer Graben the Freyung leads to the Schottenstift, where the oldest pictures of Vienna are preserved.

Now let us come out on to the Ring, following it down towards the quays of the Danube Canal. Leaving the Canal on our left we may glance on our right at the venerable Ruprechtskirche above a steep flight of steeps.

Following the broad sweep of the Ringstrasse we may catch a glimpse above the roofs of the grey Cathedral and continue past the long façade of the Ministry of War opposite which stands the modern Post Office Savings Bank designed by Otto Wagner.

We glance at the extensive Stadtpark, resist the temptation to linger at the Schwarzenbergplatz and finally come to a halt before the Opera, realising with sorrowful amazement the full beauty of its construction, now alas open to the sky.

Viennese Girl, 1903.

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Am Hof : Armoury.

VIENNA VISITING CARDS.

361 On the other side of the Ringstrasse we must abandon all attempt to proceed systematically. Vienna consists of 26 Districts, and although the First is far more important than any other, there is still so much to be seen that even quartering the ground would lead us nowhere. All that remains is to select a few places at random.

Where the Kärntnerstrasse joins the Ringstrasse, or moving along the Ring from the Wollzeile, the eye is caught by a majestic, green patina dome rising harmoniously against the sky.

346 THE KARLSKIRCHE. This is Fischer von Erlach's masterpiece, a marvel of conception and construction whose charm and gaiety of spirit enshrines the soul of Vienna. A startling blend of fundamental baroque with recollections of antiquity and rich ornamentations combine in a magnificent monument. It is a happy task for that reflective visitor to try to interpret for himself its manifold symbolism.

The two gigantic pillars, copied from the Trajan Column in Rome, were intended to represent the Pillars of Hercules in Spain, for the possession of which Karl VI, who commissioned the construction of the church, fought without success in the Wars of the Spanish Succession. The reliefs portraying scenes from the

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The Freyung, with the Schottenkirche and Harrach Palais.

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life of St. Charles Borromäus symbolise the triumph of the Counter-Reformation. The junction of the cupola and a Corinthian portico points to the temples of antiquity and the quality of Karl VI as ruler of the Holy Roman Empire. The great architect consciously rejected all colour and heavily decorative scrollwork in planning the magnificent proportions of the lofty interior in order to increase the monumental effect.

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Not far from the Karlskirche is the broad and sunny Schwarzenbergplatz. Let the visitor decide for himself whether there is any other square in Vienna which can compare with the generous expanse and distinguished reserve of this one.

Adjoining the Schwarzenbergplatz is an architectural district with a character of its own.

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THE BELVEDERE. From whatever direction you approach the grounds of the Belvedere you feel that you are about to be the guest of a Prince, a true cavalier. If it belongs to the soul of Viennese culture to combine the significant or rather the truly great in art with an element of irresistible charm, then the two Belvederes, Upper and Lower, can be accepted as the most typical examples of Vienna art. The world has to thank Lukas von Hildebrandt for these peerless baroque masterpieces.

The Lower Palace used to be the summer residence of Prince Eugene, although he was only able to visit it at short intervals between military campaigns. After his death, much was changed inside and outside, but the ceiling frescoes of Altomonte

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The Trautsohn Palais.

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346 The buildings of the monastery lie on a rocky plateau, the western part of which appears as a picturesquely gothic tangle of dark stairways and steeply towering supporting walls, while the east of the plateau, crowned by the two mighty cupolas beneath the German Imperial Crown and the Austrian Ducal Coronet, reveals the entire splendour of the mid-baroque period. The best view of the two domes is to be had from the monastery park. To the South the slender, new-gothic church spires are etched against the blue of the sky.

Climbing a long, steep flight of steps, the Pfisterstiege, one reaches the Leopoldihof with its splendid gothic bay window and its fountain with the renaissance figure of the Babenberger Leopold III. The outward sign of the power with which it was invested at the time of its foundation and which it succeeded in asserting for centuries, is the great monastery church.

[532] The most valuable work of art of the monastery is the Verduner Altar which stands in the Leopoldskapelle—a world-famous work dating from the end of the 12th century.

In the building of the monastery we enter the realm of dreams and magic of true Austrian baroque. Its creator was the Milan architect, Donato Felice d'Allio.

The greatest curiosity of the rich monastery museum is a collection of romanic ivory objects, small boxes, portable altars and Italian bronzes. In its very

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The Praterstrasse with the Carltheater.

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extensive library the art-lover is fascinated by the beautiful illuminated manuscripts and the family tree of the Babenberg rulers. The treasury contains the Austrian Ducal Coronet and rare goldbeaters' work of the Middle Ages.

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The city itself climbs up to the heights of the Hermannskogel and the Kahlenberg, extending as far as Klosterneuburg, Mödling, Schwechat and even beyond the Lobau district. But it is hoped that this virgin zone of woods and fields will prevent the disappearance of many cherished villages, prevent the picturesque biedermeier gardens being swallowed up by tenement houses and ensure that the wonderful boating and bathing centre which Vienna possesses on the Old Danube does not lose even a foot of ground to industry and factories.

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The historic little country parishes of Nussdorf and Heiligenstadt, Sievering, Grinzing and Liebhartstal, of Hietzing, Mauer and Perchtoldsdorf have grown together in a semi-rural region where nature, modern villas and ancient structures blend pleasingly. The "Heurige" wine-gardens of Kahlenberg, Neustift-am-Wald, Rodaun and Maria Enzersdorf hold within their little flowered courtyards that true Viennese "Gemütlichkeit" (easy-going cordiality) which loves life and the fleeting moment for its own sake. You clink glasses with your neighbour, drinking, in the joy of your heart, to the health of the stranger beside you, who himself feels the same about you. Many an